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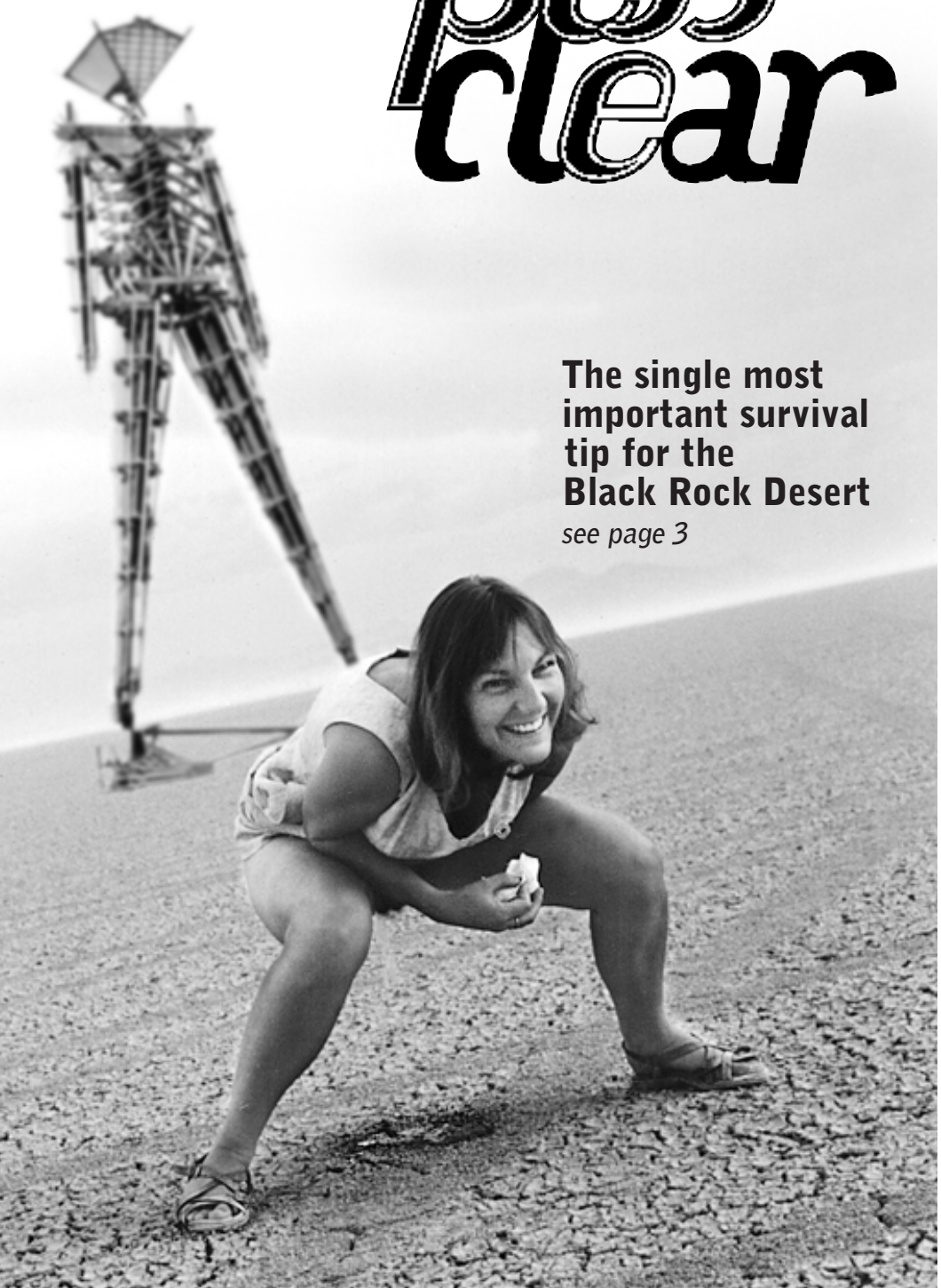
piss clear



The single most important survival tip for the Black Rock Desert

see page 3

Black Rock City's *other* daily reader

Piss Clear

issue 2.1
for friday
30 august 1996
Black Rock City,
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Gail takes the title of our publication to heart. Photographed by Adrian Roberts.

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Adrian Roberts

We're baaaaaaack...

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

adrian's rant

Heather Shirkey

It may have been a long time coming, but it's finally here. I'd like to welcome you to the **second-ever** issue of *Piss Clear.* As you may or may not recall, last year's Burning Man festival saw the debut of this publication, which started off as a sort of irreverent **survival guide** and ended up **mutating** into, well, what you're now holding in your hands. Due to last year's resounding success, *Piss Clear* has returned to the playa. The masses have **spoken,** and clearly, Black Rock City's reading public demands something more than the mere paint-by-numbers propaganda **spoon-fed** by the playa's more mainstream establishment press, such as the *Black Rock Gazette*.

It is for this reason that I am proud to announce that starting with this issue, *Piss Clear* is going **daily!** You can wake up each morning with the comfortable knowledge that a brand new *Piss Clear* awaits your **perusal.** Look for it each and every day in the *Piss Clear* newspaper **box** near the Central Camp bulletin board. And be on the lookout for the Disgruntled Postal Workers, who will be distributing it daily.

Or just look for me, the **pink-and-blue**-haired androgynous **waifish freak.** I'll be pedalling around the playa on my **fuzzy** yellow 10-speed bicycle, handing out *Piss Clear* to unsuspecting Black Rock denizens throughout the weekend. Share and enjoy!

And in case you're still wondering why this publication is entitled *Piss Clear,* check out Greg Dilley's informative article on the opposite page. They are words to live by, **literally.**

Also, don't miss the first installment of **Media Exposure,** our new column from Lizard Man, who, over the course of the weekend, will list **essential** books, films, and albums that one should expose themselves to in order to more fully appreciate the Black Rock Desert.

On another note, I feel I have some **explaining** to do. With the **plethora** of massive-scale art installations going on, I must admit that I sometimes feel a bit **self-conscious** about my participation here at Burning Man. I mean, sure I have ideas. I've got **concepts.** I would love to be able to put together a theme camp, or erect a huge art **thing** in the middle of the playa, or dazzle the masses with a fiery performance art piece.

But let's **face** it. For me, personally, it's simply a hell of a lot easier to just bring out to the playa six reams of paper and a PowerBook. I don't have to rent a U-Haul to do this, or get handy with any **power tools** besides my computer mouse. Sure, it's smaller in scale than **some** things out here—take that tall wooden figure over **there,** for instance. But you know what they say: **good** things come in small packages.

Of course, I'm **rationalizing.** But I don't care. Consider what you're holding in your hands to be my little mini art installation, and let's just leave it at that. **Enjoy!**

The most important survival tip

by GREG DILLEY

survival

PF shows off his prized water bottle.

Adrian Roberts

Piss clear. There is no other way in which to verify that you've been **drinking** enough water. In the world of survival medicine, **dehydration** is the root of all evil. Your well-being here in the Black Rock Desert begins and ends with your **water** intake. Dehydration causes headaches, stomach cramps, and constipation, along with exacerbating heat-related illness and injury. In other words, dehydration **sucks.**

Human beings just **don't** drink enough water, especially when they're in a **low-humidity** environment like the Black Rock Desert, which simply sucks the water right out of you. Here are some **signs** that you may not be drinking enough water:

1. You don't carry a **water bottle** with you at all times.
2. You "sip" water instead of drinking deeply. A quart bottle of water should be consumed in two drinking periods.
3. You wait until you're **thirsty**—a big no-no.

And the biggie...

4. If you've been drinking alcohol or taking recreational drugs, **assume** that you're already well on your way to dehydration.

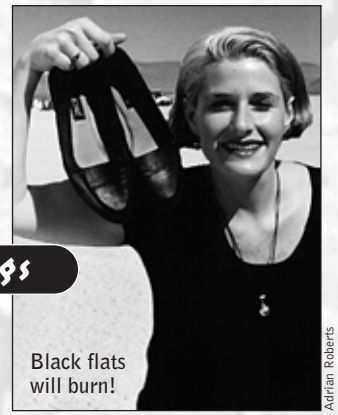
Just remember: drink enough water so that you **PISS CLEAR.**

Greg Dilley is the field medical supervisor for Earthbound Medical Rescue, located in the heart of Black Rock City.

Burning Man virgin

by STACY MILLER

musings



Black flats will burn!

Adrian Roberts

Learning to ride a bike. High school graduation. Losing my **virginity.**

These were all events—**landmarks** really—that I looked forward to with **great** anticipation and trepidation. These were all events that I felt would change my life forever—benchmarks to measure my personal growth against.

This is how I view Burning Man.

I first heard about Burning Man about a year ago on a local radio station. I was new to San Francisco and was being **bombarded** with tons of cool and interesting-sounding events. Burning Man was one of them. A three-day **festival** where thousands of people from all walks of life come to stake out a patch of earth in the **desert**—to socialize, dance, swim, think, do drugs, make art—and at the end, **burn** down a giant wooden structure of a man. That alone was enough to convince me that I wanted to **go.**

Then, as I made friends in the city, I began to discover that there was far more to Burning Man than camping and a big bonfire. I started hearing other **stories.** Stories of new insights into life goals and careers. Long-term couples breaking up. Others renewing commitments. **Changes** in philosophies. All in a **fun-in-the-sun** type of environment. It really sounded too good to be true. What is it about this event that draws artists, ravers, philosophers and probably a few pyromaniacs? Maybe there's **magic** in the desert sand? Or maybe it's the combination of dehydration and drugs.

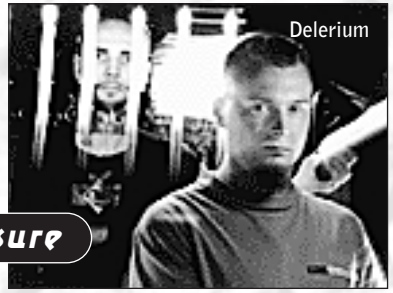
Whatever it is—and it's probably different for everyone—I can't wait to **experience** it for myself. I've even packed my sensible black flats to burn in **effigy.** I'm looking forward to Burning Man to help me find a stronger sense of self, to clarify my career goals, and maybe even to come closer to finding the meaning of life.

At the very least, I know I'll get a **good tan.**

Required listening for the Black Rock Desert

by LIZARD MAN

Delerium — *Semantic Spaces*
Dif Juz — *Extractions*
Brian Eno — *Apollo*
Ozric Tentacles — *Erpland*


Delerium

media exposure

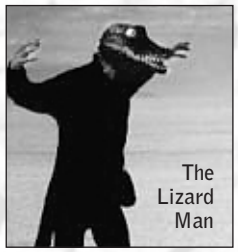
Ah, **Delerium.** After years of only import availability, *Semantic Spaces,* their first domestic release, also marks a break from their ambient/industrial beginnings. This album finally achieves all the tragically unrealized potential of Enigma's melding of contemporary dance music with ancient chants. If only Deep Forest, the Orb and William Orbit had enough talent to make an album like this. For those initially enthralled by the Enigma album but disappointed by the tenth listening, *Semantic Spaces* **mixes** Tibetan monks, Hare Krishna chants, reggae backbeats, tribal voices, birdsongs, thunderstorms and the obligatory Gregorian chanting with a **densely woven** soundscape of synthetic percussion, ambience, trance beats, and a relentless bass that never fails to get people moving. A far cry from the 140 bpm techno we've been assaulted with for the last few years, Delerium slows it down to a **hypnotic trance** pace and throws in enough **variation,** rhythm and melodic structure that after two years of playing it on an almost weekly basis, I'm still hearing new stuff in this. Everybody I've ever played it for loves it. Grab a copy while it's still available.

I don't know if the **Dif Juz** (pronounced "diffuse") *Extractions* album is still available. It was released on 4AD in 1987 and was produced by Robin Guthrie of the Cocteau Twins. Entirely instrumental except for one track, which features a guest vocal by Elisabeth Fraser, this melding of **ethereal** electric guitar with avant-garde jazz soars, **swoops,** glides, and occasionally dives to hit its target. The softer compositions resonate with understated power, while the harder pieces maintain an atmospheric quality. The most perfect music imaginable for driving across the playa.

Brian Eno's *Apollo* was the album that defined the **Ambient** genre over a decade before it caught on. Commissioned as the soundtrack for a documentary on the moon missions, *Apollo* was meant to convey the **feelings** of weightlessness, isolation, and poetic introspection experienced by the Apollo astronauts on their way to the moon. **And it does.** If you ever get the chance to see the movie, *For All Mankind,* on the big screen, do it. It was double-featured with *Koyaanisqatsi* for a while, but seems to have drifted into obscurity—a shame, especially for a movie composed entirely of stock footage shot by actual astronauts between Earth and the Moon.

Ozric Tentacles

Ozric Tentacles are the '90s answer to progressive rock. Termed neo-progressive, the purely instrumental Ozrics make the music that the 1970s **progressive** dinosaurs may have made if, at their peak, they had ditched the grandiose and pretentious ways of Jon Anderson and Robert Fripp, and instead had thrown in samples of spaceships, alien voices, laser guns and bubble machines, then spiced with a multi-ethnic concoction of reggae, raga, Chinese, Japanese and Indian musics and a variety of instruments from around the world. **Very tasty.** *Erpland* is an excellent starting point, but all twelve of their albums blend well with the expansiveness of the playa.


The Lizard Man

This music list is influenced by my personal take on the Black Rock Desert and the Burning Man festival. As the Man is an **abstract** figure, to which any individual is free to associate their own meanings, my music picks are predominantly **instrumental,** with no words or lyrics pinning them down to a singular interpretation. These albums would make a good **soundtrack** for whatever is going on on the playa.

Just as people bring their own instruments, both acoustic and electric, to the playa, these albums feature a mixing of natural and synthetic instrumentation. And as we continue to develop our own **neo-tribal** society, cultural influences from all over the world creep into our social **fabric.** This is reflected in the combination of modern and tribal, Western and Third World musical structures. While our encampment comprises a swirling **maelstrom** of bizarre activity, the desert itself is magnificent, powerful and serene. The combination of ambient with expansive and powerful music attempts to reflect this.

And finally, all of the music on this list is imbued with psychedelic and **psychoactive** qualities, the better to resonate with those who enjoy experiencing the desert in an **enhanced** state—but with enough traditional musical proficiency to entertain those who do not. The Lizard Man recommends playing this music in your car, either on the playa or on your way there, as well as in your encampment, if you so choose.

Three Day Stubble's nerd-rock

by PF

Three Day Stubble

band review

It's extremely rare for a band to act and sound more **obnoxious** than Devo, yet still pull off a live show with geeky aplomb. Bands that attempt to do this are usually doomed to failure. **Three Day Stubble** is no exception.

With **irritating** guitar riffs and even more irritating vocals, these self-proclaimed purveyors of "nerd-rock" remain unsurpassed in the amount of noisy **musical bile** they can produce. I'm no stranger to noise, either. But I'd rather hear Boyd Rice playing his amplified vacuum cleaner any day than be subjected to another Three Day Stubble show, which is akin to hearing the same stupid **joke** being told over and over and **over** again, until you feel like your head is going to implode. This is not a good thing. In other words, this whole **"nerd-schtick"** thing gets old real fast, compounded by the fact that the music, quite frankly, **sucks.** How this band manages to keep playing at Burning Man remains one of the playa's great mysteries.

Things we'd like to see next year at Burning Man

a Ben & Jerry's ice cream store franchise

a bike messenger service

The Sharper Image (for the bike messengers to hang out in front of)

a brothel (hey, they're legal in Nevada!)

homeless people

an Internet cafe with ISDN connections

a juice bar

a karaoke bar

The Mushroom Tea Room

a piercing-and-tattooing theme camp

a roller coaster

shuttle bus service to rave camp

Taco Hell (to compete with McSatan's)

Times Square-type zipper sign, with assorted Jenny Holzerisms

a vegetarian alternative to McSatan's

Wal-Dust discount store

—list compiled by PF, Adrian Roberts, and Heather Shirkey

Platitudes for the playa: trite and trendy tips

by SISTER DANA VAN IQUITY

fashion

So you've managed to get your tired and/or torrid ass onto the playa. So **now** what? Did you forget that this is the opportunity of a lifetime, or at least for 1996, to show off your special sartorial skills—or at the very least, to throw something remotely **fabulous** together to strut around the desert in? Well, **did** you?

Or are you among the teeny-tiny minority of crabby folk who are upset and embarrassed by those who are **sashaying** around here in outlandish costumes, soaking up camera-time in the media spotlight? As one who has been on both sides of the camera, let me assure you—those newsy floozies want to see **colorful,** creative people. So, flame on, burning people! That's your **cue...**

Oh, I see. You're a deer—or is that a dear?—caught in the proverbial headlights. You're totally frozen, not knowing how to dress for success in the desert. Let Sister Dana **show** you how.

It's really quite simple, sweetie. Be you straight, gay, lesbian, bi, transgender, horny-as-fuck, or anything in-between—it's all about **survival** with savoir faire. Pretend you're on Cindy Crawford's **runway** and she suddenly asks you to improvise with an outfit. Can you do it? Of course you can! Take your tawdry tee shirt and tear it to bits. Rip and **strip** your **undies** in a sexy, seductive style. Paint your face to filth. Know that you're going out there an unknown—but honey, you'll return a **star!**

So, now that you're a star, repeat three times the sacred, magical Make-Up **Mantra** For The Playa: "Never wear oil-based base." Unless, of course, you have a ton of water and cold cream to wipe it off with. Water-based base and watery facial paints can be quickly, easily done away with—perfect for when you're done with costuming and need to appear au naturelle, ready to cruise for a **date.**

Speaking of being naked, nude, bare, or in otherwise birthday-suited attire, there is never a need to **adorn** one's bare-assed being in anything other than the sensational skin he or she was born in. Except for perhaps a tasteful, single strand of **pearls.** Or a glow-in-the-dark cockring. Or a teeny-tiny tittie adornment. Or a lascivious labia **accessory.**

Also, don't be afraid to wear white pumps. Miss Manners won't scold you until after Labor Day, at which time those ivory stilettos must **go!** And if you choose to wear spiked "fuck-me" heels, we must applaud you for aerating the soil on the playa. Plow away, girl!

Now while I realize that you're **drinking** copious amounts of water to stave off dehydration, be sure to never ever inadvertently pee on your **outfit,** which leaves, of course, an icky-nasty yellow stain. However, if you happen to be wearing a big, huge hoop skirt, you may kindly disregard this warning. Just squat, and piss to your heart's content—nobody will be the wiser.

This brings me to the **bottom** line of this whole thing, which just so happens to be the title of this periodical: piss clear. As in, piss clear of everyone's costumes, which entails not urinating on anyone else's drag. Got it? Good. Now go out there and work it, **bitch!**

daily haiku

by HEATHER SHIRKEY

See naked people!
Are they using sunscreen?
Smell the flesh burning

Drink lots of water
Be sure to always piss clear
Drink lots of water

Hungry for some flesh?
Stop by McSatan's for food
The burgers are good

Walk on the playa
Feel the sun shining brightly
I think I'll pass out

Sleep during the day
It is way too hot to play
Be awake all night

Such a clear night sky!
Let's lie down on the playa
And count all the stars

You want to be clean?
Ha ha, you silly person!
You're on the playa!

Watch the fire roaring
Hey, where are the marshmallows?
I want to toast them

Should we come next year?
Will there be tons of people?
Each year, the same thoughts

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Today, you're on a spiritual quest, in pursuit of a higher consciousness.
On Tuesday, find out what you looked like naked.
Spanq!, the ground-breaking audio web show provides special coverage of the Burning Man festival. Tune in on Tuesday, September 3, and everyday at
http://spanq.com
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THE PLAYA IS HARSH.

If your tequila doesn't be.

SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO." THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.